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Repository citation: Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 37.82: March 20, 1929" (1929). *The Anchor: 1929*. Paper 10.

https://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1929/10

Published in: *The Anchor*, Volume 37, Issue 82, March 20, 1929. Copyright © 1929 Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

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SOCIETY
ELECTIONS
NEXT WEEK

The Anchor

SENIOR PLAY
COMING

Volume XXXVII

Hope College, Holland, Michigan, March 20, 1929

Number 82-9

CALVIN DEFEATS HOPE FOR SECOND VICTORY

CLOSE GAME

FIRST THREE QUARTERS

LARGEST CROWD EVER SEEN IN G. R. FOR GAME

Score 25 to 20

After keeping pace with Calvin for three-fourths of the fray, the Hope varsity was defeated by a 25-20 score at the Burton Heights gym last Tuesday, when the Grand Rapids Collegians went on a merry spree of basket making which the Schoutenmen could not quite duplicate. A crowd of over 2,000 people, the largest ever assembled at a court game in the Furniture City, witnessed the second triumph of the Calvin Knights over the Orange and Blue cagers this season. Every one who attended the game gave Hope a good word or thought for the fight which their crippled team put up.

Roozeboom tossed in a shot from the free throw line to do the first scoring of the contest. Martin then retaliated with a single point gathered in the same manner. Bontekoe saw fit to slip the pellet through the meshes, but Captain Vern Vander Hill, who was in the starting lineup for the first time in several games, put Hope on an even basis with a deuce. Martin put the Orange and Blue colors in front by again securing a point via the foul route. The Calvinites scored several baskets in a row before the half and were thus leading 9-6 when the gun sounded.

Shortly after play had been resumed, both teams began to work at full speed, abandoning the cautious style of ball that was in effect the entire first half. Through the efforts of Klay and De Pree, the Hopeites managed to knot the count, and also were able to keep up with the Calvin five.

With a very short time to go, Timmer, Roozeboom, Bontekoe, and Van Appledorn scored deuces in quick succession and gave their team a lead that sewed up the whole affair. A determined rally by the Hope cagers was of no avail, as the final gun found them five points in the rear.

The game from the spectators standpoint was very interesting, but poor basket-shooting by both teams marred the play a great deal. Roozeboom was the main cog in the Calvin offensive machine, scoring four goals and two fouls for a total of ten points. Van Appledorn played a fine defensive game. Martin and Klay shared the offensive honors for the Schoutenmen, each securing two deuces and a free throw. Vander Hill and Van Lente played only a short time, Cook being unable to appear in uniform because of an injury sustained in the Olivet game.

Miss Clara Parker Speaks in Chapel

Miss Clara Parker, representing the Woman's Migrant Children Mission, gave an interesting and enlightening address before the student body Tuesday morning. She spoke on the work of the organization, and what it has accomplished. The purpose of the Mission is to provide better living conditions for those families that are constantly moving from one field of work to another. These people seldom stay in one place more than six weeks, making it doubly difficult for the Mission to accomplish anything. Miss Parker pointed out that the first necessity is to educate the employers of these migrants to their duty. Gratifying results have been obtained in this direction. She mentioned appalling cases of child labor which most people think is at a minimum in America, and she stated that this evil is as great and perplexing as ever. In closing, Miss Parker suggested that any student interested in social welfare work spend part of her summer vacation with the Mission.

Dr. Milton J. Hoffman, '09, of New Brunswick Seminary, gave an illustrated lecture here at First Reformed Church on "Martin Luther and His Country." He also addressed the Home Volunteers on the campus Friday evening.

The Calvin game closed the court season, as the Albion team cancelled the final game which was to have been played last Friday.

Linups and summary:

Calvin (25)				Hope (20)			
	G	F	TP		G	F	TP
Timmer, f	2	0	4	De Pree, f	2	0	4
Bontekoe, f	3	0	6	Becker, f	1	1	1
Roozeboom, c	4	2	10	Vander Hill, f	1	1	3
Beilema, c	0	0	0	Vandenbosch, f	0	0	0
Van Appledorn, g	1	1	3	Martin, c	2	1	5
Venhuizen, g	0	2	2	Klay, g	2	1	5
	10	5	25	De Velder, g	0	0	0
				Van Lente, g	0	0	0
				De Young, g	1	0	2
					8	4	20

Referee, Dewey, Kazoo. Umpire: Hinga, Kazoo.

EMERSONIANS ENTERTAIN WITH THEATRE PARTY

See Shakespeare's "Hamlet"

Last Monday evening the members of the Emersonian Society, and their guests assembled in Grand Rapids for a dinner and theatre party.

At seven a group of about sixty sat down to a very fine dinner, prepared for them by the Y. W. C. A. of Grand Rapids, in whose building the dinner was held. President Diephouse officiated at the brief ceremonies.

After the dinner had been duly dispatched the party set out for Powers Theatre where the well-known Fritz Lieber and his company were playing the Shakespearean tragedy, "Hamlet." A bloc of seats in the center of the orchestra had been obtained and at the close of the evening everyone was well satisfied that the production was entirely pleasing.

The group was very ably chaperoned by Doctor and Mrs. Van Zyl.

Lutheran Choir To Be Heard Soon

One week from Wednesday night, April 3rd at 8:15 P.M. the Lutheran A Cappella Choir of the Tri-Cities will give a concert in Carnegie Hall. This concert is to be given for the purpose of helping the Chapel funds. The price of the tickets ranges from 75c to \$1.50.

The choir consists of some forty-five singers drawn from the various Lutheran churches in the Tri-Cities and from the student body of Augustana College and Theological Seminary. The choir sings without music, without accompaniment and inaudibly takes its pitch. It sings from a specially constructed, collapsible platform. Black robes with white collars lend a dignified and pleasing appearance.

The director of this choir, Mr. Clarence Johnson, has proven himself a marvelous director and a fine interpreter of sacred music. He has studied with Herman Devries of Chicago as well as the Cosmopolitan School of Music. He has the distinction of being the most successful choir director in the Tri-Cities. "As director of the Augustana Seminary Chorus, he has shown himself not only a tireless drill master, but also an artist in the understanding of perfection of ensemble, balance and blend."

The critics have very generously praised the choir. Mr. Edward Moore of the Chicago Tribune says, "The Lutheran A Cappella Choir presented the phenomenon of having few voices of any astonishing beauty, and yet singing as a whole in a rather fine manner, unostentatiously but clearly and with expressive devotional spirit."

Let's every one of us come out and support this fine choir.

VOLUNTEERS

Dr. Milton J. Hoffman of the New Brunswick Theological Seminary addressed the pre-theologs last Friday evening on the subject, "What I would do if I were to go to college again." Dr. Hoffman emphasized quite strongly that the future of the Protestant church was in its preaching; and that in the days to come the laymen, when considering a minister, will ask first of all, "Can he preach?" Because of this, he urged that all the aspiring Doctors of Divinity take advantage of every course offered in elocution. Also, he indicated the value of literature, psychology, and philosophy.

The Student Volunteer Group, with a few visitors, took a sight-seeing trip through the beautiful island country of Japan by means of the pictures shown by Mr. Martin Hoeksema of the Western Theological Seminary. Mr. Hoeksema has been for three years a short term teacher in Japan.

The pictures, perhaps the best ever shown, were taken and developed by a Japanese expert. The blending of the colors made the pictures vividly real. They portrayed Japanese life at work, at home, and at worship. As each picture was thrown upon the screen Mr. Hoeksema explained the Japanese customs.

The members of the Student Volunteer Band were pleased to hear of the good work done by one of their former members, Miss Helen Zander, graduated from Hope last year.

Impromptu Debate Against G. R. J. C. Much Appreciated

Within the stately walls of Winants Chapel our negative debating team debated with Grand Rapids Junior College last Wednesday afternoon at 4:30. As there were no judges present, no decision was given as to who was the winner. The debate was very pleasing to the invisible audience who had failed to attend as only the debating team and its close associates knew about it. However, it was a good practice debate. Junior's team was composed of Sherry, Young, and Hamilton. Sherry proved himself to be a good debater. Two of the faculty members were present in the persons of Prof. Lubbers, who acted as critic, and Dr. Nykerk, who was the only visible part of the audience. Our debating showed unusual interest in the debate, and we are inclined to believe that this was the result of the presence of the two young ladies from Grand Rapids who acted as timekeepers.

BY WRITING ONE LEARNS TO WRITE

"By writing one learns to write." Which statement, as everyone knows, is the fundamental principle of our Composition courses. And thus it is, perhaps, that we find the following sort of creative criticism going back and forth between a lady and a gentleman during an early-hour class. The following terse notes, flashes of brilliant and prodigious minds, were written on the back of an humble envelope, as have been many noble thoughts:

She (referring to something the prof has mentioned): "The Mystery of Life,—interpreted by Messrs. N— and S—"

He, writing with precise judgment: "Very weak."

She, vaguely, as is a woman's way: "I didn't think of you."

He, bitingly: "You usually don't think." (Apparently the gentleman has been acquainted with the lady for some time.)

She (attempting to turn the remark): "How unusual. I must be individualistic."

He (with the insight born of long years of experience: "No—crazy."

Which remark practically closes the discussion, since by now the young lady is far, far too furious to write at all coherently.

The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

Snobbery is the pride of those who are not sure of their position.—Braley.

We Have With Us Today DR. ROBINSON

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
We will do more—deserve it."

These words may very fittingly be applied to the genius Hope College has seemingly "been entertaining unawares" for the last semester. He is none other than our newly acquired German and French professor, Willard Haskell Robinson.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Professor Robinson very early in life showed signs of aggressiveness, for as he says, "at the age of four I moved our family to Chicago." After completing his elementary education he took up study at the Morgan Park Academy of Chicago, which corresponds to a high school. Upon completion of his studies here, he entered the University of Chicago, and directed his course of study in a rather classical vein.

While working here, Mr. Robinson had the honor bestowed upon him of being elected to the Phi Beta Kappa national honor fraternity. Members are admitted to this organization who have distinguished themselves as students. Along with this he received a German scholarship which enabled him to spend six months abroad. Obtaining his A.B. degree at graduation, Professor Robinson immediately set sail for Europe where he spent the time allotted him in study at the University of Berlin and in travel. Upon his return in the fall he again enrolled in the University of Chicago and took up graduate work in German and French. He was then awarded his P.H.D. The ensuing three years were spent at the McCormick Seminary, Chicago, from which our professor graduated with honors, receiving his Bachelor of Divinity degree and a New Testament Fellowship of two years abroad.

One of the two years in Europe was spent in the American School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and in travel, in and about Palestine and Egypt. The second year was spent in the study of French, German and New Testament at the University of Berlin and Sorbonne, Paris.

Having thus delved deeply into the realm of French, German, and New Testament, Dr. Robinson accepted his first position as Professor of Bible and Modern Language at Blackburn College, Carlinville, Illinois. Among other leading positions he has been engaged as in Spokane, Washington, San Francisco Seminary, Park College, Parkville, Missouri, and Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.

Along with these eminent achievements, Dr. Robinson has distinguished himself as an author. Every Hopeite has reason to feel proud of possessing an instructor with such a varied and enviable record. His work entitled, "The Parables of Jesus," which came from the press last November, deals with the parable in all its previous phases but also in its modern use. In that the Freshmen Bible Course deals to a great extent with the parables of Jesus, it appears that just such a work may be profitably used to supplement the course. All, no doubt, will also own that there is no small amount of thrill in studying from a book written by one of its own faculty members.

Although Dr. Robinson has only been at Hope a short time he has already won the respect and esteem of all who have come in contact with him.

Alethean Hold St. Patrick's Program

The Alethean Society held a St. Patrick's meeting last Friday night in their rooms. The age old Irish custom of flapping the pancake was put into effect much to the amusement of the girls, and it was found that but one of the girls was eligible for marriage. The legend is that the most adept at catching the pancake after it has been flipped is the lucky girl.

After amusing themselves in this impromptu fashion for some time the regular program was presented. The first number was an "Irish Love Tragedy" given by Aletheans Blekkink and Marsilje. "Maloney's St. Patrick's Day Hat" was then given by B. Mollema. Misses Blekkink and Ballard then appeared to give "Pat's Excuse." A pantomime, "Come Back to Erin," closed the program.

Class Stuff

Sophomores

Inspired by the balmy air and the fact that the first of the campus robins are with us again the sophomores held a snappy class meeting out of doors in the Spoonholder. After an encouraging report from the treasurer to the effect that one member had paid his dues and another a nickel toward his, since the new officers have come in, discussion of the class party began. It was decided to wait and have a beach party later in the season. A nominating committee for the Milestone officers of 1930 was appointed with Paul Brower as chairman and therewith the meeting was adjourned.

MILESTONE NOMINATIONS

Editor-in-chief:

Harry K. Smith
William Wickers
John Mulder
Evelyn Albers

Business Manager:

Ray McGilvra
Neil Van Leeuwen
Melvin Oosting
Chester Meengs

STUDENTS HEAR DR. S. M. ZWEMER

Dr. Samuel F. Zwemer, F. R. G. S., addressed the student body Monday morning at Chapel Exercises. The main theme of his address was the untimely death of Rev. Bilkert, recently killed by Mohammedan bandits in Arabia. With fine appreciation for the work and friendship of Rev. Bilkert, Dr. Zwemer pointed out that the deceased was known above all for his friendships. His last entry in his diary was, "I have made a new friend today." Although he is physically dead, said Dr. Zwemer, he still lives, for he is calling with a supernatural power to the churches to fill his vacancy. The response is already being felt; the entire denomination is responding sympathetically to the urgent need of missions. Another outstanding characteristic of Rev. Bilkert was irrepresible optimism. Even when the Board sent discouraging reports of necessary depletions in the funds, the answer always came back full of hope and confidence that the church at home would support the church abroad.

Dr. Zwemer spoke in his usual entertaining way, and eulogized Rev. Bilkert in such a charming and intimate way that every one present felt as if he, too, had known him.

CALVIN CROWDS AMUSING TO VISITORS

Hope went to Grand Rapids to give Calvin a hard work-out and Calvin got it. Being a bystander however, one sees other things than the game. Take for instance the Calvin man who, in an endeavor to reach the balcony rapidly, attempted to climb to it from the gym floor. After repeated tries he suddenly made a determined effort to succeed. With a short run and a long leap he managed to grasp a back-board stanchion. There he hung, dangling, tossing, bobbing around like a fish out of water. Gravity finally won the battle, and with a sigh and a groan our hero made a rapid descent to the floor and was then lost in the sea of spectators.

Our band made a name for itself last Tuesday and Calvin rooters spurred our musicians into action with their cries of, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Spiel!

A shrill voice pierced the heavy laden air, Hope supporters doubted, smiled, laughed, then joined in the ringing cheer led by our new cheer leader. The prophecy that a child would lead them was thus again fulfilled. Our young friend, to show his magnanimity, led the Calvin cheers also. Upon inquiry we found him to be a friend of Dean and Ray, in fact, one of the boys whom they had under their care at the Y. M. C. A. Summer Camp.

Blessed are the joymakers.
—Willis.

DOROTHY STROOP IS HOPE'S 1929 VALEDICTORIAN

HAZEL NEERKEN CLOSE FOR SECOND PLACE

Miss Dorothy Stroop is to be the Valedictorian of the class of 1929! In a recent chapel hour the Registrar made his annual announcement of those students with grades over ninety, and it was shown that Miss Stroop laid claim to the honors with an average of 96.5 for the four year course. Miss Hazel Neerken followed closely with 95.2 to take the Salutatorian position.

The standings of the others are as follows:

Less than Four Years	
Alfred Bentall	95.6
J. Lippinga	94.9
Marg. Otte	93.41
Four Years	
Dorothy Stroop	96.5
Hazel Neerken	95.2
Ruth Kennel	94.8
E. Brink	94.6
Marj. DuMez	94.4
C. Bremer	93.9
Jack Pelon	93.7
Harriet Boone	93.54
Alice Lammers	92.6
Lorraine Raak	92.4
Ada Boone	91.9
Kenneth Hyink	91.7
Eleanor Verwey	91.6
Eva Tysse	91.5
Marie Wagenaar	90.9
Edith McGilvra	90.7
Ida Townsend	90.6
Otto Yntema	90.4
Raymond De Young	90.4

Evelyn Steketee Leads Y.W.C.A.

Responsibility was the keynote of the Y. W. C. A. service March 11, when Evelyn Steketee, the leader, spoke on "Am I My Sister's Keeper?" Ever since Eve, who was the only really independent woman, everyone has been more or less dependent upon someone else, and it is impossible in the modern world to live absolutely by oneself without relying in some degree upon another person.

Ways mentioned by which each girl may share responsibility toward another, were being a sincere, faithful friend, preserving an attitude of humility, sympathizing with a friend in trouble, abstaining from slander, which the speaker named as one of the worst faults on Hope's campus, and aiding to keep the other girl's reputation good and clean.

"I Come to Thee" was sung by Helen Van Eenennaam, accompanied by Loretta Schuiling, and the Scripture was read by Geneva Vanden Brink, Ruth Hoppers led the song service.

PROF. ROBINSON LEADS Y. M. C. A.

"Mountain Top Visions" was the subject taken by Dr. Robinson for his talk at the Y. M. C. A. meeting of last week. He reviewed the wonderful experiences of the disciples, who were with Christ on the mount of transfiguration; and then, drawing from a host of experiences, he spoke on the need of every one of these mountain top experiences. Life is a succession of hills and vales. For a time we seem to be on the top and then we are bewildered in the darkness of the valleys. In connection with this, Dr. Robinson suggested the motto: "Plan your work; then, work your plan." Plan your work while your spirit is high and your vision great. Work your plan when suggestions are not forthcoming, and life seems somewhat dull.

Mr. Raymond De Young had charge of the meeting.

VER STRATE.

Dr. Lambertus Hekhuis, '13, registrar and professor of religious education of the University of Wichita has been elected to succeed Dr. W. H. Mikesell to the office of dean of the college of liberal arts and sciences beginning next year. Besides this he will also continue his professorship in religious education. Before going to Wichita in 1928, Dr. Hekhuis was head of Voorhees college, Vellore, India.

THE ANCHOR

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Carl — "Are you an orphan, Grace?"
 Grace: "I had a heavy meal with Al, last night."
 Cornie — "I don't know, I haven't seen the Chicago Tribune yet."
 Ethelyn: "Oh, another stuffed date, eh?"
 Ad. in newspaper: Learn to ice-skate in 26 sittings.

Geology Prof: "Where do we find quartz?"
 Stude: "In hip pockets."
 The Call of the Scotch
 "But I tell you central, she is no party, so I want my money back."
 Angry diner (at Sandwich Shop): "Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig."
 Walt: "I'm doing my best."
 "Have a cigarette?"
 "Sir—I go to Calvin."
 "Pardon me, have a cigar."
 An old gentleman was remarking on the high cost of sending his son to college.
 "And languages are the worst," he exclaimed, "on the bill, John says—Scotch \$50."

Bill: "Do you believe in clubs for women?"
 Ev: "Yes, if kindness fails."
 Foote: "Yoaah feet sutinly mus' be built like camels."
 Ease: "Meanin' which?"
 Foote: "Because dey can exist so powaful long widout watah."
 Folks I ask you, why all the "Keep Out" signs on the new chapel? Can it be they're putting in a water fountain? Rumors are around that Solomon's hanging gardens are being taken down and replaced by little hollies; but who knows? Not I.
 "How many students are there from Wisconsin?"
 "Oh! about one out of every ten."
 First Calvinite: "Let us journey to town, old chappy Algerman."
 Second Worse: "But my good fellow, I have nary a pence."
 First Same: "Cheerio, I have a pair you can wear."
 Final Fling: "Leave me with a Smile."

Mrs. Durfee invites all the Freshmen girls to a tea at Voorhees Hall next Friday at three o'clock in the afternoon.

America Triumphant
 (Continued from last week)
 We know that we are not perfect. There are many things we must change, and to effect this change we must bring to the solution of every problem this spirit: an intense and fervid Americanism.

A large percentage of our crime, statistics show, is perpetrated by the foreign element in our large cities. This forcefully brings to us the necessity of more severe immigration laws as well as a substantial reduction of the number admitted to our crowded shores. Uncle Sam has proved himself a very decent and honorable member of international society. By receiving with open arms all the races of the world, he has welded a diversified family into an orderly nation of over one hundred million people. We must Americanize those already here, in speech, in political ideas and principles, and in their way of looking at the relations between church and state. We shall never do away with crime unless all of the foreigners in America become Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very title of American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing this exalted name.
 We Americans must set a good example for these future citizens. We must learn to discriminate between propaganda and literature worth reading. Already our schools and colleges are fast doing away with illiteracy and are creating a demand for the best literature. Foreign students attending these institutions know that the propaganda spread in Europe slandering the people of the United States, is absolutely false. Our copyright union is becoming more stringent in the censorship of plays and books, thus preventing playwrights and authors from falsely defaming our country. Nothing definite will be accomplished, however, until we get a keener sense of loyalty towards our own country. To

Have You Heard—

It is a hopeful sign when we consider that Col. Lindbergh selected as a life-mate a girl who was considered "shy" and "old fashioned" while at school. Anne Morrow is of a rather poetic turn of mind and has even written some very fair verse. She does not care for dances and jazz—and well—let 'em say what they wish—there's a subtle glory about an old fashioned girl!

Recently when Thomas Edison was asked to give his formula for a happy life he answered, "I am not acquainted with anyone who is happy."
 Leon Trotsky, former head of the Russian Red Army, has been exiled from his country for activities which rendered him an arch enemy of the present Soviet regime. He went first to Turkey, suffering during the winter trip from the weather and poor health. Now he has gone to Germany apparently, but German authorities will have him only on condition that he cease all political activity, else it is feared he might stir up communist activities in Germany.

Hubert Gruender, professor of psychology at St. Louis University, claims that the English Sparrow's harsh manners are only a result of his slum environment. To prove his contention he placed a sparrow in a cage with two pure-bred German canaries. The sparrow's ways became more and more gentle, his toilette occupied more and more of his time—and at the end of six months he had learned to warble like a canary.

C. F. Andrews is an English clergyman who has lived for 25 years in India and is the closest white friend of Mahatma Gandhi. He is particularly cognizant of the aspects of social reform in India. He compares the reforms being carried out there to the parable of David and Goliath. David would not fight hampered by a heavy suit of armor but selected his smooth pebble and won his battle. Western methods could not reform India nor better the condition of the 50,000,000 "Pariahs" whose touch defiled any object for one of caste. But the "peaceful revolution" tactics of Gandhi are securing effects. The Brahmins have been forced to make concessions and the social reform problem in India will undoubtedly have to be worked out in a manner different than western power can supply.

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EARTH WORMS

Who loves an earth worm? Yet, Charles Darwin proved after forty years of observation and experimentation that even these slimy, wriggling, disgusting creatures are of a certain definite value and usefulness.

Once there was a little earth worm who lived in an acre of ground in which, according to Mr. Darwin, there well might have existed fifty thousand other of his fellow creatures. This particular little earth worm, not being as strong and handsome, or as much of a "social lion" as some of his fellows, often fell into dismal moods, and bemoaned his lacks and short-comings. "Only one among the fifty thousand in this neighborhood," he would sigh. "Of what good am I? Very likely a good forty-nine thousand or more do not, and never will even know that I exist. And my friends would not miss the little I can do. I'm so thin and short, and everyone can dig better and crawl faster and more gracefully than I." And then the little earth worm would begin to brood about how his mamma had been cruelly used for fish bait, and his papa ruthlessly murdered by a heartless scientist; and he would alternately fear a similar fate, and on the other hand, wonder whether his insignificance would even merit such recognition. At about the time when the poor little fellow would come to the point of going to the nearest sidewalk to commit suicide, his mood, however, would always strangely change; and his better self — or his inherent love of life — would direct his feet to better paths, and, being a conscientious little earth worm, he would again settle down and do his best working with his fellows. But so he lived and died, never satisfied that his efforts were accomplishing anything, nor that his life was worth the living.

And in reality, according to Mr. Darwin's observation, this little earth worm, in cooperation with his fellows—his generation and its ancestors and posterity—in thirty years had changed that stony acre into a field fertile and so free from stones on its surface that "a horse could gallop over the compact turf from one end of the field to the other and not strike a single stone with its shoes." Moreover, by their constant honey-combing of the soil, Mr. Darwin states that they made the land more porous and insured better penetration of air and moisture, and so, more fertile and lasting crop-growing soil.

Just think how many hungry plants, animals, and even men the poor, discouraged little earth worm helped to feed?

THAT SUMMER JOB

It isn't too early to begin thinking about our work for the coming summer. Even if we are neck deep in school work, and our instructors would prefer to have us concentrate our dwindling energies upon it, still within our own rambling minds we are at freedom to speculate. Summer jobs are a big part of our life before graduation. During these busy, hot months of "vacation" most of us learn what it is to enter industry and compete with others in actual business. We may be doing anything from shoveling gravel, or weeding vegetables, to traveling for some company. Every day of our "job" brings us actual concrete examples of the situations for which our education so far has prepared us. We learn to do this or that, and complications disappear. Then we feel that maybe it pays to know something, because we certainly would not like to shovel all our lives, or work in a dusty factory.

Too many students have money at hand, and don't search out employment, so that they can get a little initiation into the world of Hard Knocks. Ask any person who is now looked up to and respected for his attainments, and in every case you'll find that his experience in youth with the problems of existence made him strive much harder than his "well-off" neighbor.

If we have no work during the summer, the time is lost in merely "keeping cool," or in entertaining others who do not have to work (or who don't dare to work). Before one knows it the summer is gone. The worker has his money and his thoughts, the vacationer has his added lassitude.

Of course, we might say that "at a school like Hope, etc.", the students all do work, and are of the sort who learn by contact just what it is to be on their own. That is not entirely true. Many work only a share of the summer, and many of the others will not get work at all if they do not start out early to corral a job. Work is scarce, and last season numberless folks found it out too late. That is one reason why so many schools suffered a depleted enrollment last fall. We had better start out now to renew our old positions for the coming summer, or to find a better one. This is the time to experiment with labor — to find interesting fields — for after a year or two it will be time to show our best abilities to the world of business.

CAMPUS



NEWS

Those warm spring days last week weren't exactly conducive to study were they? What will we do when it gets to be May and June?

Did anyone bring a red bandana home from the Calvin game? Just what do those red handkerchiefs mean?

Now just for fun there won't be any question marks in this item. The Fraters serenaded the Dorm last Thursday night. The fellows brought a piano an' everything and it was quite thrilling (so the girls say). It's too bad that those unfortunate mortals who live outside the Dorm never get a chance to hear serenades.

Congratulations, you Seniors with more than ninety averages. Mr. Wellmers also should be congratulated on his ability in mathematics. Work hard Frosh and some day your names will be read in chapel too.

Mrs. Dregman is giving teas for different groups of the college girls.

We thought that measles was a children's disease, but evidently it isn't for Marie Wagenaar has it. It's not so much fun, is it Marie?

Several students have gone to Grand Rapids this week to see the Shakespearean plays so don't get excited if you hear quotations from "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" floating around the campus.

Prayer Day last week gave everyone a chance to get caught up in his work.

We couldn't possibly have a week without someone having a birthday. Lucille Walvoord added a year to her age last week. We heard that the occasion was appropriately celebrated at the Dorm.

About thirty girls chartered a bus to go to the Hope-Calvin game last Tuesday. The girls say that "a good time was enjoyed by all."

Yesterday afternoon the Women's Literary Club entertained all the college girls.

Isn't it grand to think that Spring Vacation is almost here? We hope all of you have purchased your Easter bonnets.

Now that basketball season is finished we can begin to think about baseball and track.

Thursday night the girls of Voorhees Hall witnessed the searching for the lost chord on the Frater piano. Yes, the Fraters serenaded and brought along their whole menagerie, if one is to judge from the vociferous barks and other queer sounds. The principal exhibition, however, in the form of the laughing hyena refused to

function. With Chuck Van Domelen at the piano, Paul Nettinga and Stan De Pree sang solos and duets, not to forget a dramatized version of "Sonny Boy" with Harold Boone in the title role. After insistent calls from the most appreciative audience Nick Sonning sang his own Dutch translations of those artistic numbers "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" and "Doodle Do Do." Then with a snake dance the Fraters departed and down went the windows and on went the lights.

Soliloquy of an Editor

Place: His room; Editor seated in a hard straight chair (to keep mind astir), pulled up close to the desk, (that no thoughts may escape); lamp bent low to focus light directly upon the scarcely discernible writing (for it is all highly censurable).

Time: Day due for compilation of news; sun sinking, heart also. Mid-February without, worse within.

Temperament: Terrible (no sunshine).

Scene: Misty, vacant — nobody home.

EDITOR: Dear, oh dear, 4:30 already and no News out yet. If I could only think of something to write. Here I sit and sit and — and sit and do nothing. But, what shall I do? (Pause) I'm getting disgusted. All I can do is sit! (Another pause) I'm tired of sitting. Guess I'll lie down for a while.

(Editor hies to his bed and is soon lost in dreams. A dozen fellows rush in, slamming the door, and looking for trouble. Each time the sleeper is awakened with a start.) (Editor rises in disgust and resumes his chair.)

EDITOR: 5:30, and I haven't done a lick of work yet. Haven't even been able to sleep. Ought to write some news before supper — must do something. What shall I write? I might write a history of the Mission House. But that would mean a half day's work, and then none would read it. (A light dawns upon him.) How would an essay on "The Frailty of Women" be? (Light flickers and dies.) Nope, couldn't write on that either — haven't had enough experience. This being snowed in is the bunk. I haven't had a date for two months! How could I write on women. (Bell rings.) Shucks, there goes the supper bell. Gotta eat, I suppose. (And with a shrug of the shoulders he is gone.)

SUPER

(A laggard step in the hallway announces the approach of some one who is thoughtful, perhaps even dreaming. There is a rap at the door of the Editor's room, and the Editor himself enters. (No doubt now but that he was dreaming.) He finds out the hard chair

Students to Type Examinations Soon?

A busy clicking of typewriters instead of a scraping of pens, a snap of release keys in place of a turning of pages, and sheet after sheet of gleaming white typing paper rather than the colorful pile of blue books — will this be an examination scene in the Hope College classroom of the future? The experiment of typewriting examinations has already been successful in other schools, and some institutions require a knowledge of typing from students in certain courses.

Of course in some subjects, such as mathematics and some of the sciences, the old longhand method probably would be preferable, but what a time-saver a typewritten exam in history, English, or a foreign language would be! and what a salvation for the eyes of the faculty! Some of us might even receive higher grades than our usual hieroglyphics could earn.

On the other hand, strenuous objections might be heard from students who have never learned to type — and the user of the touch system does have a decided advantage over the one who types by the "hunt and peck" method. However, all professions are becoming more and more dependent upon the typewriter for part of their daily work, and it is not at all impossible that Hope College of the future may yet witness typewritten examinations.

again, evidently intent upon work.)

EDITOR: Aw, gee, what's the use of life, anyway? Criticism here, knocking there; first one student jumps on my neck, and then another. Can you imagine the nerve of one student, who told me the News made good waste paper? I know it's a good grade of paper, but — shoot, such a remark, after we spent hours in editing that paper. It's a 'grave injustice! I tell you it isn't fair!

(Editor buries his fevered head in palsied hands. Convulsions of grief transform his virile frame from a semblance of efficacy to an effete nonentity. Time passes; the affected is unmoved.) (Roommate enters, seeks to cheer him, but succeeds only in bringing the Editor back to his work.)

EDITOR: It's true all right: there is no use in mourning. I must work! The man that discovered work certainly disclosed an eternal problem. If only we could see the fruits of our labor, perhaps, then it wouldn't be so bad. But all I get is digs. If I put out a merely popular paper, the Faculty censures me and the News alike, reproves me, and forces my promise to improve. If I follow the admonitions of the Faculty, the students demand a more representative paper. (A moment of thought.) Well, I've decided all right. I'm between the devil and the deep, dank sea! The only doubt in my mind now is: Which is the devil, and which the deep, dank sea? I should write an article on just that subject. No, for then there would be three factions, and I don't know of a name I could apply to the third — not exactly. Guess I'll write on the "Outlawry of War." That's always a popular subject, and I know they both agree on that. Ho, hum! Guess I'll get to bed. Can't think anymore, anyway.

(With that the Editor hauls himself to bed, donning his pink-striped pajamas, admonishing his roommate to cease all noise that he may sleep, and with a last fling at the inconsistency of the world, pulls the covers over his head, and snores himself to sleep — and incidentally everyone else from his presence.) From Mission House News

"Stretch" Murphy, the lanky Purdue center is stepping right along for scoring honors in the Big Ten. The big boy has a great chance to set a new record for all time, having amassed a total of 108 points in nine games.

The Poets' Share

(Continued from last week)

Such imagination is of the type that may create for us a heaven on earth. If imagination is to make our lives a joy and inspiration, it must be founded on knowledge of the truth, on faith in all that is beautiful, ideal, and good, and above all, in devotion to the God who gave us all good things — who sacrificed His son that we might see in Him exemplified the life of perfect peace, and joy and beauty.

Friends, such imagination may be cultivated. Our individual modes of thinking or imagining are merely matters of habit. And will-power and determination can change any habit. Why is it not just as easy to imagine ourselves capable, fortunate, happy, and successful, as to picture ourselves hopelessly inferior, unfortunate, and unhappy failures? Why can we not just as easily imagine our future supreme, as to foresee it merely as mediocre? Our present outlook will determine to a large extent what that future will be.

The value of constructive imagination is inconceivable. Throughout the ages it has written history, built and rebuilt empires, conquered thrones, made kings and leaders, prophets, bards, inventors: raised men from the crudest primitive life to the wonders and complexities of modern civilization.

Before the laying of a single stone, the architect sees and plans his structure. Before the masterpiece is scarce begun, the artist sees a vision far more lovely. Before the writing of a single melody, there was a song of matchless beauty singing in the author's soul. Without active, constructive imagination, life becomes a drudgery, or, at most, a mere existence; work becomes a bore and a grind; contact with our fellows becomes a necessary but wearing strain upon our patience.

Happiness is an inward thing. If we are unhappy, it is because we have a vivid mental picture of ourself, unfortunate and wretched. If we are every moment glad to be alive, it is because we see ourselves happy and blessed. If we are successful, it is because we have ever seen success through seeming failures and defeat. If we are unsuccessful and have lost all hope to rise, it is likely because we have seen in these same difficulties unsurmountable barriers, and have allowed to grow within us an overwhelming sense of hopeless failure, self deficiency, and inability.

"In a weird and tragic story by Calderon, the hero is constantly haunted and thwarted by a mysterious figure in a mask." At last when the mask is lifted, to his surprise, his own features are revealed. How often do we merely exist! How seldom do we really live! How often the fault lies in ourselves alone — the masked man holding us back! Let us not stand in our own way. Let us not be slaves to a ruler that grinds us to the ground, but triumphant masters of a gloriously helpful and creative servant. Let us not allow our imaginations to tarnish truth, but brighten it. Let us see things as they really are, and then look beyond reality to something that is far superior. Imagination does and will rule. It can crush us to the earth, or make every day of our lives a glorious, enthralling opportunity and adventure. Which shall it be? The poet's share is ours, if we but realize it.

Someone said the other day that good poetry must be simple and subtle. We wondered if perhaps the poetry was only a sample, while the subtlety was in the mind of the reader.

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**FRESHMEN AGAIN TRIM CALVIN
RESERVES BY CLOSE MARGIN**

**SPOELSTRA SHOWS FINE
SCORING ABILITY**

SCORE 20-21
The Hope Frosh ended the season in fine fashion by beating the Calvin Reserves 21-20 in the preliminary to the Hope-Calvin struggle, thus cleaning up the Calvin series with two victories. After playing a classy game the first half and leading the Calvin seconds 14-16, the yearlings allowed their opponents to nearly knot the count in the ebbing moments.

Calvin scored four points before the Frosh knew that the game was under way, but some clever teamwork enabled the Hopeites to pass the Reserves. As the game was nearing its close, the Calvin team began raining several through the iron and came within one point of the Frosh as the gun sounded. The freshmen handled the ball very well, controlling it for most of the fray, but missed many easy attempts at the hoop. Spoelstra

counted twelve of his team's points on five goals and two fouls. Wykhuis and Westing made most of the points for the Calvin team.

Lineups and summary:

Hope Frosh—21			
	FG	F	TP
Van Haisma, f.....	1	1	3
Dalman, f.....	1	2	4
Spoelstra, c.....	5	2	12
Beaver, g.....	0	0	0
De Groot, g.....	0	0	0
Steggerda, g.....	1	0	2
Bouma, g.....	0	0	0
	8	5	21

Calvin Reserves—20			
	FG	F	TP
Wykhuis, f.....	3	2	8
Westing, f.....	2	2	6
Harkema, c.....	0	0	0
Meyer, c.....	0	1	1
Poel, g.....	2	1	5
Bruinooge, g.....	0	0	0
	7	6	20

Referee: Oldenburg, Calvin.

**"SHE WHO
LAUGHS LAST
LAUGHS BEST"**

The Freshmen girls have their troubles in trying to perform satisfactorily in their gym class. But much giggling usually goes on sometimes leading to the imposing of rather severe punishments. The other day a couple of the girls became fatigued from the strenuous exercise and they promptly fell out of line and betook themselves to the benches along the wall. The flat feet, pigeon toes, knock-knees silly blunders of some of the girls provoked the audience of two into hysterics which they soon evidenced very loudly. This of course perturbed the class and the instructor could not permit such conduct to go unpunished. To make the sad story short the audience of two were forcefully urged to perform for the class. This they did for fifteen interminable minutes amid shouts of laughter from the much enlarged audience. However, they tried their best to be soldiers for the cause and when the performance was over, rousing good cheers went up from the sidelines. But, confidentially, you would laugh too and you would doubt whether Hope's Zoo or museum for unusual species in nature was in Van Raalte or in Carnegie.



SENIOR PLAY

**Prayer Day
For Crops
Observed**

The students at Hope were given a vacation last Wednesday when the annual day of Prayer was observed. It is the custom of the people of Holland to set aside one day a year, usually in March, to pray for the crops and industries. Church services are held in the morning and evening in the several churches. In respect to this custom all scholastic activities cease in both College and Public School. All Business Houses remain closed during the day. To the many students who come here from distant sections it was their first introduction to this unique custom. Holland is probably the only city of its size that so universally and completely observes the day.

**"Louie" Leads
Lazy Skaters
Swiftly On**

Ask any kiddie on East Thirtieth Street who he thinks to be the nicest fellow in Hope College, and you will receive the quick reply, "Louie." Indeed, this "Louie" seems to be growing in popularity daily among the kiddies about Knickerbocker Hall. Here is just how he captures them and gets a following like the fabulous Pied Piper: To get his daily dozen, Louie merely steps out to the sidewalk and he is met by an expectant crowd of children, who are all mounted on roller skates. Immediately they form a long line and hitch onto Louie as cars hitch up behind an engine. Then, away they go, and fast, too.

Mr. Dan De Graaf, a former student with the class of '23, is reported suffering with a protracted and serious illness at his home in Rochester, New York.

In the spring of the year it is the usual thing for the Senior Class to present its annual play to the students and townspeople. This year they are producing that ever-popular play of Arthur Langdon Martin, "Smilin' Thru." A long run on the legitimate stage in New York preluded a nation-wide acclamation of the converted play on the silver screen. The moving picture has been acclaimed everywhere.

The staff is hard at work under the tutelage of Miss Preasley, a graduate of the Northwestern School of Dramatics.

This play is to be presented April 17, 18 and 19, and the tickets will be on sale soon.

**MEMORIAL CHAPEL
IS PROGRESSING**

What a glorious world this is when viewed from the tower of our new Chapel! Buildings representing work and people all crowded close to each other. What a splendid field of opportunity!

As I gaze dreamily out of the chapel window my mind leaps forward to the month of June. I seem to see the senior class of '29 marching down the aisle to the soft, sweet tones of the chapel chimes. They are eagerly waiting their chance to grasp at an opportunity to go out into this same world and make a name for themselves. All the talent of the youth of today that is found in this class and they represent thousands of others similarly inclined. A world before my eyes and another world in the chapel soon will meet and emerge as one.

The chapel tower is a place where one can dream of conquering the world and forget the practical things in life. For one seeking solitude, the chapel tower is the ideal spot.

Among the visitors on the campus during the past week were Mr. John Vander Meulen, '24, now located in Grand Rapids, and the Misses Margaret Boter and Dorothy Mulder, both of the class of '28.



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